Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 27 MONTREAL, JULY 5, 1901. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

'My Horn Shalt Thou Exalt.'

A NOVEL EXPLANATION OF A BIBLICAL ALLUSION.

In the Bible there are many allusions which are quite unintelligible until we take the trouble to discover their meaning; and it is astonishing to find how many people

A REMARKABLE HEBREW HEAD-DRESS WHICH EXPLAINS THE BIBLE PHRASE, "MY HORN SHALT THOU EXALT."

there are who pass over these allusions times without number, and never give a thought as to what suggested them to the minds of the inspired writers of Holy Writ.

Take, for example, the frequent mention in the Old Testament of horn as a symbol. What does it mean? The majority of people are content to read without understanding in a case like this, and so entirely miss what is full of interest to those who will take the trouble to investigate it.

Biblical scholars are not all agreed as to the origin of the many references to horn in the Bible. Some have thought that as the principal defence and greatest strength of horned beasts consists in their horns, so the horn is mentioned in Scripture as a symbol of strength and power; and there are many passages in the Bible which gave considerable force to this theory.

But there are other theories equally ingenious and equally probable; and one of them is suggested by the curious and interesting photograph which accompanies this article. The photograph illustrates a strange manner of adorning the head which long prevailed in the northern part of Palestine.

The picture explains itself; and it is suggested, not, we think, without reason, that this peculiar form of head-dress gave rise to some, at least, of the 'horn' references which abound in the Bible. It is quite possible, for instance, that this quaint adornment may have been in the mind of Hannah when she said, 'My horn is exalted in the Lord,' (I. Sam. ii., 1).

We know of nothing more interesting than to take some obscure allusion, such as this which we have attempted to explain, and try to search out its meaning; and we commend it to our readers as a form of Bible study well worthy of their attention. There is a fascination in finding a reason for things which must be experienced to be appreciated.—'Sunday Companion.'

The Baraca Movement.

A WORK THAT IS BRINGING YOUNG MEN INTO THE CHURCH.

(By the Rev. W. C. King, in the 'Union Gospel News.')

The reported increase in the number of Baraca classes to 600 with a total membership of 50,000, found in nearly every State in the Union, and in Canada and Mexico, and in many denominations, should incite the question, 'What is the significance of this movement?' The name Baraca was chosen for a purpose. It is the abbreviation of the Bible word Berachah (II. Chron. xx., 28), shortened to get it into the class pin, and means 'Blessings'—thus indicating the end in view in the work. The credit for the discovery and growth of this method of work among young men belongs to Mr. M. A. Hudson, a wide-awake young business man of Syracuse, N.Y. The story of his conversion is most interesting and instructive. He entered a crockery store when but fourteen years of age, determined to master the business, and was in turn errand boy, clerk, travelling salesman and proprietor.

After these years and experience he went into business for himself, and began to take time for improvement of mind. He became interested in the pastor of one of the leading churches in his city. This pastor came into his store many times with a smile and a question. 'When was this piece of glass made?' or 'How was this made?' until Mr. Hudson asked the pastor 'if he was trying to learn the crockery business.' 'No,' he replied, 'but I wanted to see how well posted you are.' He then wished Mr. Hudson to 'come over and see how well posted the pastor was some Sunday.'

At the age of 33, Mr. Hudson, after an absence from any church for twelve years, decided to accept this invitation. On Easter Sunday, 1883, he was welcomed at the door by three young men and given a seat. After the services, before leaving the pew a welcome hand was extended and an invitation was given to stay to Sunday-school. The offer was declined. Several shook hands as he came out of the church, and he said to his wife as he reached the walk, "Well, if there is such a thing as religion they enjoy it in that church.'

A few weeks later, one evening he and his wife at home started to serve the Master, and gave their hearts to him.

Of the origin of this movement for young men we quote Mr. Hudson's own words in description :—

'In July, 1890, the First Baptist Church was undergoing repairs and the Sunday-school had to meet as one class in the chapel. As I was passing the church to go to this class, I noticed fifteen or more young men lounging in the front ; some were playing with their knives. I stopped and visited them. All at once the thought came to me that these would never come into our large class, and I at once resolved to have a class of these boys ; so we talked it up. The result was that in ten minutes eighteen young men were sitting on the backs of the pews, under the scaffolding, amid the paint, and I stood on the front seat, Bible in hand. One of the fellows being a Christian, was called on for prayer, and the first lesson of the first class in Baraca was given. We agreed to meet the next Sunday, and the class grew until the church was finished, and we were obliged to leave our "perch"—as the boys called their seats in the dirt on the back of the seats. The next Sunday my class and six new members decided to have a class organization, and the next Monday evening, with much noise and enthusiasm, we selected a class name and elected our officers and committees.'

The class was a success. During nine years over a thousand young men have been connected with Mr. Hudson's class and 115 of these have joined his church and over 150 have been hopefully converted, all told, many of them going out as ministers, missionaries and Christian workers.

The platform is most simple, namely, 'Young men at work for young men, all standing by the Bible and the Bible school.' To this end the class is officered from among its own members, but has no constitution, and each one makes its own rules and regulations. It meets with the school for opening exercises, but is at liberty to return or not as the exigencies of class work may indicate, for closing services. All this on the supposition that the class can have a room of its own.

After reaching its room, the following order of exercises is usually observed :

1. Call to order.
2. Prayer.
3. Class song.
4. Passing memberships by assistant secretary.
5. Notices of the week by secretary.
6. Anyone sick or in distress.
7. Collection by treasurer.
8. Lesson by teacher (30 minutes) who closes by prayer.
9. Secretary's report of attendance to-day.
10. Treasurer's report for to-day.
11. 'Friendly shake' service. Every man in the room is expected to shake hands with every one, and to introduce visitors and strangers. Adjourn.

The 'memberships' referred to in above is a register slip, often in the following form :—

MEADVILLE
BIBLE BARACA CLASS.
Members.

Name .....
Address .....

Attending Church.

This morning .....
Last Sunday Evening .....
Have Bible With Me .....

Visitors.

(We are glad to have you with us.)

Name .....
Address .....
Are you a member of any class ?.....

If you are not a member of any other class, and you would like to join us, apply to the teacher or social committee.

From these the secretary makes up his ledger account of attendance, etc., and also a list of new members and visitors for the president, who calls on them, or sends them a hearty letter, before the next meeting. One Sunday in each month—usually the first—is called 'Rally Day,' and by the use of postal cards and personal work an effort is made to have every member present. Often special features are introduced on such days, such as an address by some one personally qualified to speak to young men. As already indicated, the aim of the Baraca is to find the likes and dislikes of a young man, and then, if right, get in sympathy with him, and through these lead him to Christ. To this end, reading-rooms, gymnasiums, baseball teams, mandolin clubs, cycle clubs, debates, etc., are organized in various classes, as local conditions suggest. Each class must work out its own destiny.

The spiritual results of this movement most concern the church so we take pleasure in quoting Mr. Hudson again upon this point :—

'After teaching the Baraca class several years, and making a study of men, I came to a point where I was discouraged at the small number of conversions for the large amount of work. After much thought I called into the pastor's study the four Christian men of the class for consultation. I told them I was much gratified with the large attendance (nearly one hundred), but discouraged in that no conversions had occurred for three months. The Secret Service League was then organized with five members. I had provided five pocket memorandum books, inside of which was written the following pledge for them to sign :

MY SECRET SERVICE.
Matt. vi., 6 ; John xiv., 13, 14.

1. I pledge to pray for the unconverted Baracas every day at noon, or as soon thereafter as I remember this pledge.

2. I pledge to make a list of those to whom I will speak, and to work and pray for them.

3. I will meet the Secret Service members once a month, and pray aloud with them, and do all in my power to help them bring .....Baracas to Christ within the next six months .

Signed .....

Dated .....

'To my surprise they all willingly signed the pledge, and agreed to keep the work secret from the class. The meeting closed with an audible prayer from the five members, some of whom never offered a prayer aloud before in their life. That Sunday afternoon the list spoken of in the second paragraph of the pledge was written in the little books by each member. It so happened that our Baraca treasurer for the class was not a Christian, although a very moral and exemplary young man, and one of whom we were all fond. It also happened that each one of us placed his name first on our list. Accordingly we prayed particularly for "Charlie" on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday at the noon hours. On Wednesday evening at our church prayer service, one of the first to speak was "Our Charlie." He was converted, and the next Sunday joined our "Secret Service League."

'Our prayers soon bore fruit in the conversion of scores of men, who to-day rejoice on its account. This secret service work is now an integral part of every properly organized Baraca class ; and every day at noon, from Maine to California, prayers are ascending to God for our Baraca brothers who are not saved. We soon found we were stronger Christians for this definite time to ask God for definite things. After twenty or more of the boys had come to Christ, it dawned upon us that our faith had been strengthened by the direct answer to our prayers, and we praised the Giver every time we erased a name from our books. In time the league had so many members that an assistant teacher was elected to take charge of this branch of our work. We are very happy in this secret work, and, while Baraca means "happy," we never fully realized its full import until we formed this league. Every month we meet together secretly after Sunday-school, and every one prays aloud as his turn comes, as we kneel in a circle. Once every six months we all return the books and sign a fresh pledge. Any Baraca class will be supplied with a limited number of these pledges, beautifully printed, for the asking, by enclosing a stamp to M. A. Hudson, Syracuse, New York.'

The Young Ladies' Philathea Bible Class has been organized upon similar lines to the Baraca class, and is doing much good. Further information will be furnished by Mr. Hudson upon application, and printed matter touching methods of work in work for both young men and young women.

Only a Joke.

The practical joker, says the 'Epworth Herald,' is still at work. At least two recent jokes had a tragic end. In one case a woman was killed by the shock of looking upon the closed eyes of a wax doll, which had been substituted in jest for her own little baby. For an instant she thought that her child was dead, and though she realized almost instantly that 'it was all a joke,' and tried to laugh at the jest, the shock proved fatal within a few days. In the other case, a farmer's wife in Pennsylvania put on a hideous false face with the idea of scaring a little girl, the child of a neighbor. The little girl was so terrified that within a week she died.

The practical joker is not usually a malicious individual. But he is a public nuisance. The difference between a person of humor, whose spontaneous sallies of wit amuse and refresh, and the perpetrator of painful practical jokes is very great. The first is a benediction, and the last an abomination.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

July 7, Sun.—I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart.

July 8 ,Mon.—The Lord shall endure forever.

July 9, Tues.—The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed.

July 10, Wed.—Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

July 11, Thur.—He forgetteth not the cry of the humble.

July 12, Fri.—The Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth.

July 13, Sat.—The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.

BOYS AND GIRLS

How a Holiday Ended

('Cassell's Little Folks.')

The summer sun shone brightly down on the glaring dusty streets and the miles of roofs of the Great City. Its cheerful rays peeped in at the ground-glass windows of a hospital and lit up the bare whitewashed walls of the wards and the still whiter faces of the sufferers.

'Here's summer come at last,' said one of the nurses as she moved about the boys' ward. 'What a lovely day it must be in the country!'

'What's the country?' asked little Jack of Bill, who, his back less painful, was sitting up in a chair.

'Oh, all green-like and no one about—no bobbies—and lots of flowers, as don't belong to nobody,' replied Bill.

'I would like to see it,' sighed little Jack, who thought an afternoon in the Victoria park a great treat. 'Tell me some more on't, Bill.'

But just at that moment the doctors came their rounds and silence reigned in the ward. They pronounced Bill's back better and Jack's cough to be nearly gone, and then they went out in the passage and had a long, mysterious conversation with the ward-nurse.

'I wonder what's up?' asked one little patient.

'I 'specs they're a-goin' to turn me out,' remarked Bill, dolefully. 'I just 'ate to go 'ome. Father do wallop me so when he's tipsy, and carryin' them 'eavy loads 'll make my back bad again.'

'An' I ain't got no home to go to—not since granny died,' whimpered little Jack.

And Amelia Ann, in the girls' ward, at the other end of the passage, said much the same.

'I know my knee's nearly well, but I do wish I could stop here. It's just lovely, and nurse that kind! To go back and lug that heavy baby about for missis and scrub on them damp floors—oh, dear; oh, dear!'

And everyone's spirits sank. The hospital, ill though they were, was to many of these poor children the happiest place they had ever known.

But they need not have been so frightened. The house-surgeon and the nurses returned with good news, such news as they had never dreamed of.

A kind lady, living down in a beautiful country-house near the seashore, had most generously offered to take three children who were getting better for a fortnight's sea air and change. The question with the doctors was, whom to send. Nearly all the children would have been better for the trip.

Eventually the choice fell on little Jack, Bill and Amelia Ann. They could hardly believe their ears. It seemed too good to be true.

Little Jack, too, could hardly believe his eyes, when, the following day, he found himself in the train, speeding through a 'country' more lovely in its early summer dress than any words of Bill's could have described.

It was growing dusk when they reached their destination and the carrier's cart deposited them at the lodge of Melcombe hall, where the coachman's wife was prepared to receive them.

'Bless your little 'earts!' ejaculated good Mrs. Brown. 'If you be the kind of children they grows in Lunnon town, I, for one, don't hold with the place. Come you here, now, and make short work of these here bowls of bread-and-milk, and then to bed with you and rest. We must get some roses on your cheeks and some flesh on your bones to do us credit!'

Little Jack was very weary and very sleepy, yet ere he lay down in the loft over the stable, where beds had been got ready for Bill and himself, he could not help listening to a mysterious sound.

'Whatever's that, Bill? Someone a-sighin' like, and breathin' hard, as if he's asleep.'

Bill opened the window and listened.

'It ain't a person, Jack,' he cried. 'I know what it is. It be the sea!'

Next morning when Amelia Ann awoke, the air seemed full of an uncommon fragrance.

'It ain't flowers,' she said to herself, sniffing, 'though them roses round the window are lovely! And it ain't something nice a-cookin'. I wonder what it is?

She opened the casement to smell the flowers, and was struck dumb with surprise. There, before her, shimmering like silver in the bright morning sun, lay the sea!

Now, would you like to know what these three did during their visit to Melcombe Cove? Well, very much the same as other children do at the seaside, only I do not think any three children ever enjoyed themselves so much before. They dug, they paddled, they bathed; they collected shells, seaweed, crabs, and jelly-fish; they built castles, they climbed the rocks and the cliffs, and got so sunburnt that no one would have known them again. It was a delightful time.

'The country's just splendid!' exclaimed Bill. 'But the sea beats everythink!'

They were lying on the warm sands, under the shade of old Jones's boat, idly watching the waves curl at their feet.

A SAIL! A SAIL!

'So it do,' replied Amelia Ann. 'The only pity is it can't last forever. When we came I marked thirteen holes on the chalk cliff for the thirteen days we've got to stop here, and every day I've marked one off. There's only one left!'

'The day after to-morrow we go back!' ejaculated Jack, mournfully. 'Goes back to them pavements as 'urts yer feet, and to sleepin 'on doorsteps!'

'And carryin' heavy children!'

'And gettin' walloped!'

'It'll be all the wusser arter this!' sighed Jack.

'I won't stand it!' cried Bill. 'I won't go back! I'll just run away!'

'You'd be catched!'

'Not I! Who can catch ye on the sea?'

'On the sea, Bill? You'd go on the sea!'

'Sail right over to France. There, where the tides come from! We'd be free then!'

'Oh, Bill, take me!'

'An' me!'

'I'll tell ye what,' said Bill importantly, glancing round, 'we'll take our chance to-morrow, and see what we won't do!'

The following afternoon, when Mrs. Brown was busy over her washing, and old Jones gone into market with his fish, three little conspirators might have been seen at work with his boat, pushing it down to the water. The boat was heavy, the sand deep; but with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, they succeeded. The boat floated, the children scrambled in, and off they went.

The tide and the wind were setting off-shore, and helped them along famously. Bill began rowing, but it was harder work than he expected, for the farther they went from land the bigger the waves became. The cliffs grew lower and lower, the sea and sky opened wider and wider.

'Be France a long way off?' asked Amelia Ann. 'It's getting evening.'

'And I don't like this jumping: it makes my head ache,' added Jack. 'I'm getting tired. Here, you come and help row, Amelia Ann!'

He got up to move into the next seat, leaving one oar in the oar-lock for the little girl. But as she stepped over to it a sharp cry from Jack made her turn her head.

'Ugh! I'm so wet! A wave came right in!'

When Amelia Ann looked again the oar had slipped out, and was floating away on a wave.

'Row hard, and I'll pick it up!' she cried.

Bill pulled with all his strength, but the wave carried the oar faster than he could row.

Crack! The remaining oar, unequal to the strain, snapped off short, leaving only the handle in his grasp.

Amelia and Bill looked at each other dismayed.

'Whatever shall we do?'

'How ever shall we get to France with no oars?'

'We shall be drowned!' sobbed Jack. 'There's another wave coming in!'

Drifting helpless, the boat began to wobble and toss in a very unpleasant and dangerous manner. Jack, feeling very seasick, crouched, half asleep, at the bottom. The wind rose as the sun set, and the crests of the curling waves dashed over more and more frequently and drenched him.

All round, wide and desolate, spread the heaving sea. Only the hoarse laugh of a solitary sea-gull, hovering near, broke the sound of the splashing waves.

'We shall all be drowned in the dark!' said Amelia Ann, in a low voice.

'I wish we'd never come!' echoed Bill.

'Lunnun 'ud be better nor being drownded!'

Jack said nothing; he was feeling too ill.

The sea-gull laughed again as it skimmed past.

How long this went on the children never knew; it seemed hours. Then suddenly out of the still glowing west came a sail.

Jack took no notice, but Amelia Ann waved her handkerchief with all her might, and Bill held up her hand.

'Will they see us and come to us, d'ye think?' he asked.

It was a terrible suspense. But at last, when it was fast growing dark, the boat bore down upon them and they were saved.

Mrs. Brown was too anxious to be angry when three weary, wet little figures were brought home to her late that night. Nor was she even angry when they explained to her what had led them to run away.

'Afeered o' goin' back, are ye? Want to stop here? Well, to try and drown yerselves wasn't the way to do it! Wait till I speak to missus.'

Good Mrs. Brown did speak to her mistress to some purpose. The children were never sent back to London. Bill was taken on as garden-boy at the Hall, and Amelia Ann stayed to help Mrs. Brown with the washing, while Jack was sent to school till he was older and able to work for his living. I need not say they never tried to run away again.—Edith E. Cuthell.

27 Dull Street.

(By W. Bert Foster, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'How do the books balance, Archie?

'Splendidly. Our bank account is growing every day.'

McAlister raised his head from the ledger to look at his questioner, but there was enthusiasm in neither voice nor look. His thought was evidently engaged with some problem other than his bookkeeping.

The girl who had disturbed him was a bright-faced little creature some three or four years his junior, who sat perched upon a high stool with her hat and cloak on. Ada had waited for more than an hour already while her brother pored over his accounts.

The long narrow room, with its polished cherry-wood furnishings, the lunch-bar at one side and the tables down the other wall, had long been deserted saving for the two at the cashier's desk. The rattling of crockery in the kitchen had ceased and the dish-washers had gone home.

'And that's where we should be, Archie,' said the girl, covering a yawn. 'What is the matter to-night?'

'Nothing, my dear. That is, nothing new.'

'You are still worrying over New Years?'

'And what comes after,' said her brother, with a smile.

'Don't you suppose we can afford to pay Donovan's price, then?' asked the girl, with some anxiety.

'I think the business would warrant our giving the twenty-five dollars more a month that he demanded the other day. But I don't believe that he would be satisfied with even that.'

'Why not?'

'Because he intends to drive us out. That's what he bought the property for. I do not believe he would give me another lease of the place at any price.'

'The mean old thing!'

Archie smiled quietly. 'I think he's a sharp business man, that's all. He doesn't like my business and I don't like his. Mine conflicts with his and with that of my other neighbors. Another liquor-saloon on this corner will do him less harm than we do; so he thinks, anyway. No, Ada, we shall have to go.'

'It seems just too mean! Where will we go? There's no store empty anywhere on Front Street—none that you can get, at any rate—for blocks and blocks.'

'I know it. And I don't want to go out of this neighborhood. My work is here.'

'Your work! Archie, you always talk as though the good you can do here is of more importance than the business itself.'

'Well, isn't it?' he asked, smiling as he put away the ledgers and locked the safe.

'I—don't—know,' returned Ada, doubtfully.

'I do!' said her brother, leading the way into the street. 'Just look around you. From our door you can count eight saloons—the three other corners and five beside.' He smiled grimly as he added: 'Eight to one—eight places where "liquid refreshment" can be had, and only one to which a man can go to eat without having liquor thrust upon him. And this is a populous neighborhood in the daytime, too.'

'It isn't altogether deserted at night, Archie,' said his sister, looking disgustedly about her while she waited for him to turn the key in the door.

The only stores now lighted (it was already past ten o'clock) were the saloons to which Archie had called attention. Floods of yellow light bathed the sidewalks before their doors, making the patches of unlighted street between them the blacker in comparison. The crowd moved sluggishly across the illuminated spots, and groups hung about the corners and in the darkened doorways. Occasionally a police officer appeared, and his approach spurred the loiterers into sudden activity.

Ada shuddered and crept closer to her brother's side, but he looked on the scene as he had gazed on it hundreds of times before. For two years now he had been a factor in the neighborhood. By day it was a place of busy mercantile pursuits; the 'after-dark crowd' was seldom in evidence them. But after he closed his doors at seven o'clock the only place for these men and women to get food was the saloons.

'And they are open till eleven,' he said, putting his thought into words. 'I wonder——'

'O, Archie, you won't tie us here any more hours in the day, will you?' cried his sister.

'Not you, sis. You ought to be at home now. You shouldn't have waited for me to-night. This is no place for you to walk, even with an escort, at night.'

'But what is the use when you will have to leave here anyway in a month or two?'

'The use of what?'

'I know what is in your mind, Archie,' she cried. 'You mean to keep open later, too.'

He laughed a little. 'You are too bright for me, Ada. You know my mind before I scarce know it myself.'

'But why should you tie yourself to such long hours?'

'If I have to leave here,' he said, and again the stubborn look came into his face, 'if I have to leave here, I'll do all the harm to Donovan and Company I can while I stay. Besides, an all-night lunch would pay here, I believe. I've thought of it before. These side streets are full of cheap lodging-houses. That's where the bulk of this crowd comes from. I—believe—I'll—do—it.'

Ada signed, but said nothing. They were away from the place now, and she clung less closely to his arm. She knew by past experience that there was very little use in trying to 'talk Archie out of an idea,' provided it was one that he had decided was right. Ever since he had broken off his college course and invested the sum left from his father's estate in the restaurant 'for the good of the family' he had looked upon the business, not as a money-making effort alone. There were great things to be done for the Master, and he seized the opportunity for service joyfully.

He had used every legitimate means in his power to attract custom. He served

good food at the lowest possible prices; and the proprietors of the neighboring liquor-saloons, who were licensed victuallers, felt no little unfriendliness toward him.

The three other corners of Front and Devon streets were occupied, as previously stated, by liquor-saloons. One was owned by a man named Donovan, who had gained wealth in liquor and politics, a combination often working together to the advantage of the 'ward-man.' Donovan had finally bought the building in which McAlister's restaurant was situated, and the 'freezing-out' process began. Archie had agreed to one increase in the monthly rental, but it was plain that he would not be allowed to remain after the first of the year.

'It's evident I'm to be run out of Front street,' remarked young McAlister to himself while thinking the situation over the morning after his talk with his sister. 'But I'll make a "brilliant finish," as the boys say.'

Then he set about introducing the new schedule of hours for his employees with his customary energy. In a week the restaurant was in full blast as an 'all night,' and its popularity was correspondingly increased. But the saloon-keepers who had taken so vast an interest in his affairs looked calmly upon this increased energy at first. They knew it was only a question of a month or two before McAlister would be forced out.

Archie, however, had in his character a strain of—well, call it sanctified perversity in this case; the more determined the enemy became, the more decided he was in his efforts not to be beaten. Front street did indeed seem closed to him; but only a block away, on another corner of Devon street, and facing Dull, was a place on which he had for some time had his eye.

Twenty-seven Dull street was a much larger store at a much smaller rental than his present situation. But, as its name implied, Dull street was not considered a good business thoroughfare. When he had mentioned the place to his friends, they had all advised against it. Dull street was out of business traffic, and, day or night, it was a quiet avenue. Front street might as well be a mile, instead of a block away.

Yet with these things against it, McAlister often went around the corner and viewed the blank windows of the empty store thoughtfully. It could be made an ideal place for his business. He was sure of that. There were two doors, and ample windows. But there was a big risk to be reckoned with; it would take practically his entire capital to fit up the place properly; and then suppose the trade should not follow? It was not of himself alone he thought, but of Ada and the little mother at home.

'But then, what shall I do?' he asked himself. 'Sit down and suck my thumbs? Call myself beaten by circumstances without putting up a fight? Dull street is a burial-ground for bankrupt business efforts, I know; but I'm not superstitious. And besides, there's an even chance that my scheme will be a big success instead of a big fiasco. It's a tug of war between precedent on one side and brains on the other, and in such a trial brains should win every time. Er-er-whether I've the proper quality of brains, however, remains to be seen.'

His final decision was a more serious matter to McAlister than this might imply. His business was his means of livelihood; yes, but it was something more, something better and nobler. When he announced his determination, however, a great cry went up from his friends. Even Ada deserted him, lost faith in his wisdom. 'Flying in the face of Providence.' was a mild criticism indeed beside the majority of her frankly expresssed opinions on his course.

But McAlister shut his lips firmly and pursued his way. One day a glittering sign appeared across the entire face of the building at 27 Dull street, 'McAlister's Coffee House.' If there was one thing more than another on which he prided himself, it was his ability to make good coffee, and it is well to have a distinctive line in one's business.

A partition was run down the room, dividing the lunch-bar from the tables. Each apartment had an entrance from the street, and was practically separate from the other. Donovan, the liquor-dealer, and his associates looked upon the new situation as too far out of the way to do them harm. There were a few saloons on Dull street, but they were owned by less influential men than Donovan and Company.

As the new year approached, the furnishing of 27 Dull street was completed. On the large window of the main room was lettered, 'Ladies' and Gentlemen's Restaurant'; and on that of the other room appeared the following legend:

COFFEE BAR.

All Temperance Drinks.

Free Lunch From 12 to 2.

'Why, it reads like a beer-saloon sign,' cried Ada, in no little astonishment.

'That's right,' said her brother.

'But I don't understand.'

'Why, I'm running against the saloons, so I might as well take advantage of their methods. I don't suppose there is quite as much profit in a mug of coffee as there is in a glass of beer, but if they can afford to give free lunch, why, I think I can. At any rate, I'm going to give 'em a brush.'

'But,—will it work, do you suppose, Archie?'

'I don't see why it shouldn't. There are a great many poor men who go into saloons at the free-lunch hours because they can get more to eat there with a glass of beer or ale than they can at almost any other place for the amount expended for the liquor. Now, I don't expect to make an overwhelming fortune out of my coffee bar,' Archie added slowly; 'but it's a novelty and will attract attention, and—I hope—do some good.'

The next day they moved into their new quarters. The removal had been well advertised, but the instant Donovan came into possession of the premises on the corner of Front street he tore down McAlister's notices referring his patrons to 27 Dull street. Naturally a busy man will not hunt far for any particular lunchroom when there are other places in the neighborhood. So there was a noticeable loss of old patrons, and few new ones were gained to fill their places. The coffee bar was well patronized, especially at the 'free-lunch' hours; but that could scarcely more than pay expenses. Ada, at the cashier's desk, looked grave indeed.

'Don't you fret, little girl. Rome wasn't built in a day,' said her brother with more apparent cheerfulness than he really felt. To himself he thought: 'Now comes the time for brains to win over precedent and—other things. Archie, ma lad, put on your thinkin'-cap; ye'll need it!'

And he put it on to some purpose. Two mornings thereafter 'down-town' people were amused, not to say interested, by a most novel advertising scheme. During the night McAlister, with two or three assistants, had been at work, and every sidewalk and crosswalk within several blocks of 27 Dull street had been decorated with the prints of an enormous boot.

Every footprint pointed the way to McAlister's Coffee House. The appearance on the cleanly-swept crosswalks and sidewalks was as if an army of giants, coming from all points, had convened at 27 Dull street. People followed the huge footprints in curiosity, if only to discover what bright firm had originated the advertisement. The papers mentioned it at night, and the whole town laughed over the joke.

But people did something more than laugh. They patronized the bright young Scotchman who had been driven into this inferior street because of his principles. 27 Dull street took on a very lively appearance indeed, and, once having found the place, the crowds continued to come.

'Which proves a business maxim of mine,' says McAlister. 'It takes brains to get a customer, but it needs only honesty and good service to keep one.'

Only Give Him Just One Chance.

(These verses have been sent to us by one of the young readers of the 'Messenger.')

Brother, does your heart grow weary
As this life you journey through?
Does the path ahead seem dreary,
Does the sunshine hide from you?

Does the world and all that's in it
Seem as empty shells to you?
Do the pleasures that glide through it
Seem so far apart and few?

Do you hate to read your Bible,
Yet don't know the reason why?
Do you hate to hear a sermon
That would make a Christian cry?

Do you fear the name of Jesus,
With a fear you can't explain?
Yet you like to hear this story,
Though it bring you so much pain.

Would you like to feel you'd lost Him
And your chance of heavenly rest?
'Ah,' you say in accents fearful,
'Just to trust I'll do my best.'

Won't you tell Him, then, my brother,
Tell Him all you fear and know:
Tell Him that you like to trust Him,
If He'd only show you how.

Oh, my brother, won't you try Him?
Only give Him just one chance:
If He fails to make you love him,
Ocean waves will cease to dance.

If a man could go to heaven on a flowery bed of ease he would feel very lonesome after he got there.—'Ram's Horn.'

The Jacana.

The common jacana is a native of Southern America, and there are other species scattered over Africa, Asia and Australia. The Australian species is a good diver, but a bad flyer. Their powers of diving and remaining under water are equal to those of any bird; on the other hand their powers of flight are very weak. They will, however, mount up fifteen or twenty yards and fly from one end of the lake to the other, a distance of half or three-quarters of a mile; but generally they merely rise above the surface of the water and fly off for about a hundred yards. During flight their long legs are thrown out horizontally

COMMON JACANA IN FEEDING GROUND.

to their full length. While feeding, they utter a slowly repeated cluck, cluck. The stomach is extremely muscular, and the food consists of aquatic insects and some kind of vegetable matter.

The general color of the common jacana is black, with a slight green gloss, taking a rusty red tinting on the back and wing coverts. The primary quill-feathers of the wing are green, and the wings are furnished at the end with long and sharp claws. In the African species these spurs are hardly perceptible. At the base of the beak is a curious leathery appendage, rising upon the forehead above and depending toward the chin below. The claws are all very long, especially that of the hind toe, which is nearly straight, and longer than the toe from which it proceeds.

All jacanas are remarkable for the extraordinary development of their toes, which are so long and so slender that they seem to have been drawn out like wire, and to impede the progress of their owner. These elongated toes are, however, of the greatest use, as they enable the bird to walk upon the floating leaves which overspread the surface of many rivers, and to pick its food from between the leaves on which it walks. As the bird marches upon the leaves, the long toes dividing the pressure upon several leaves at each step, they are slightly sunk below the surface by the weight, so that the bird appears to be really walking upon the water.—From 'How to Know the Shore Birds.'

A Sheriff's Sale.

No one was greatly surprised when it was announced that Lyman Hart's home and household effects were to be sold at public auction by the sheriff of the county. He had 'failed,' and now he was to be 'sold out.' Many of his neighbors said they were 'dreadful sorry for the Harts.' They declared that it was 'all Lyman's own fault.'

Old Nat Dake, the richest man in town, and one who had never been known to give away a dollar, said savagely: 'It's all very well to talk about gen'rosity, but there's such a thing as being just before you're gen'rous, and I've told Lyme Hart so many a time. No man can give away as recklessly as he did and keep a roof over his head. Charity's all right, but the place for it to begin is at home. There ain't been a week in the past ten years when Lyme Hart ain't had some one hangin' on to him that hadn't no claim on him, an' that he'd ought to have sent to the poorhouse. And now he's being sold out because he can't pay his taxes nor the mortgages on his place and furniture.'

Nat Dake did not add, but every one knew, that he held most of the notes and mortgages Lyman Hart could not pay. They knew that these notes and mortgages called for a rate of interest higher than old Nat Dake could have exacted had he not taken advantage of Lyman Hart's extreme necessity.

They knew further that Nat Dake had long coveted the Hart farm because it adjoined his own, and that he secretly rejoiced over the distress which enabled him to take the farm from Lyman Hart.

Even his kinder and truer friends were of the opinion that Lyman Hart had not been wise. 'He has taken in and done for them that had no earthly claim on him,' said garrulous old Ann Haskins, who had known Lyman from his boyhood, and whose sorrow for him was sincere. 'What earthly claim did his cousin's widow and her three children have on him that he should keep them a whole year after his cousin died and left them without a penny in the world?

'And when old Nancy David's husband died and they was taking her to the poorhouse, if Lyman Hart didn't meet the keeper of the poor farm with old Nancy in his waggon, and because she was wailing and crying, what did Lyme do? He just got right out of his waggon and lifted her and her poor little bundle of clothes into it, and took her home with him, and kept her there until she died, two years later.

'He said he did it because old Nancy and his mother had been great friends, and because he said Nancy had been good to him when he was a boy, and had nursed his mother through her last sickness. That was Lyme Hart all over.'

Lyman, in his great generosity, had often loaned money unwisely. He had indorsed notes for others because they were unfortunate, and he had had very many of the notes to pay. The generous man had recognized, possibly without sufficient carefulness, the high law comprehended in the words, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' This had made him a brother to any one in trouble, and opened his heart to every cry of the needy. And now he was to be sold out under the red flag of the sheriff!

Every one knew that old Nathaniel Dake would bid in the house and farm, for he held heavy mortgages upon them and there was no one else in the neighborhood able to buy them. The household furniture, live stock and farming utensils were also to be sold under a chattel mortgage, and the good man and his wife and their children would be left almost penniless.

Lyman had a cheerful and hopeful spirit, but it was not to be wondered at that he was much cast down when the day of the sale came. He was saddened as much by a knowledge of the fact that those he had trusted had been untrue to him as by the loss of his belongings. His plans for the future were vague and unformed. He was unfitted for anything but farming, and he did not wish to engage in any other occupation. He would, he said, 'begin over again,' but he did not know where or how he was to begin.

The day of the sale dawned clear and bright. There had rarely been a fairer day. The long piazza in front of the house was filled with furniture and all sorts of household articles soon to be scattered far and wide. The neighbors and strangers came in great numbers to the sale, and tramped heavily in and out of the dismantled rooms, some of them even peering into closets and drawers. They all agreed in this—that it was 'too bad'; but most of them added that Lyman Hart had 'brought it on himself.'

The sale began at 10 o'clock, when the house and farm were 'put up' by Ben Jarrold, the big auctioneer from the town five miles distant. He stood on the porch and read, in a strident voice, the order of the court for the sale of the property. Then he took off his coat and hat, pushed up his

sleeves as if preparing for a hand-to-hand conflict, and called out:

'And now, ladies and gentlemen, how much am I offered for this fine property, worth six thousand dollars if it's worth a cent? Fifty acres of it are under cultivation, and one hundred more in pasture and woodland, with a good ten-roomed house, fine barn and other outbuildings all thrown in. Here they are, ladies and gents. The place would be dirt cheap at six, or even seven, thousand dollars, and I'm offered—how much? How much do I hear to start the thing?'

'One thousand dollars,' said a small man with a squeaky voice, standing directly below the auctioneer.

'One thousand dollars!' roared the auctioneer. 'Put that man out! If I hear an offer less than four thousand there'll be trouble!'

'Four thousand dollars!' called out Nat Dake, in his bold, harsh voice.

'Now that's something like it,' said Ben Jarrold, 'but it isn't enough. Give me another bid. It's worth eight thousand dollars this minute.'

On the outskirts of the crowd a man whom no one knew called out, in a loud, distinct voice, 'Five thousand dollars!'

Every one turned and looked at him. Old Nat Dake started and stared at the stranger with a scowl. His mortgage was for four thousand dollars, and he had expected to bid in the farm for that sum. His savage glance did not disturb the stranger. He was a tall man, not over thirty years of age, with a smooth, sunburned face.

'Now that is something like it, ladies and gents!' roared Ben Jarrold. 'Five thousand will do very well to begin with, but isn't near its value. I'm offered five thousand dollars. Five thousand, five thousand, am I offered six?'

'Fifty-one hundred!' called out Nat Dake.

'Fifty-five hundred!' said the stranger, and poor Lyman's face brightened. This would enable him to pay all of his debts and save his furniture and farming implements.

'Fifty-seven!' cried the stranger.

'Fifty-eight hundred!' said Nat Dake, between his set teeth. He loved money, but he loved his own way, and he would spend his dearly-prized money rather than be thwarted in anything on which he had set his heart.

'Fifty-nine hundred!' called out the stranger, coolly.

'Six thousand!' almost shrieked Nat Dake; whereupon the stranger called out:

'Seven thousand!'

'Aha! This is something like!' exclaimed the auctioneer, gleefully rubbing his hands. 'How is it, Brother Dake? Will you make it seven thousand five hundred?'

Nat Dake hesitated a moment; then he said savagely; 'Yes, I will!'

'Good enough!' said Ben. 'And now will the gentleman'—

'Eight thousand!' exclaimed the gentleman; whereupon Nat Dake, livid with rage, mounted the piazza steps and called out defiantly:

'Who be you, and how does any one know that you're making a real bony fide bid? There's some trick about this! Folks ain't going 'round giving eight thousand dollars for five or six thousand dollar farms! Who be you, and what proof have we got that you mean what you say?'

The stranger came forward, mounted the steps, and stood on the other side of Ben Jarrold.

'My name,' he said, 'is Harvey Mercer, and here is evidence of good faith.'

He drew forth a large leather wallet bulging with bills, and held it up for all to see. 'Some of you,' he said, 'remember David Mercer, who lived here many years ago.'

'I do!' cried several voices at once.

'He was my father, and I was born on the old Mercer place down by the ferry, about two miles from here. Lyman Hart and my father were boys together, and when, after they were men, trouble came to my father, Mr. Hart befriended him in many ways. He became security for my father on a note of fifteen thousand dollars, and the first mortgage the generous man put on this place, I am told, was to raise the money to pay that note.

'My father went to the West, where he engaged in mining, but for twenty-five years he experienced nothing but ill luck. He knew worse poverty there than he ever knew here, until three months ago, when, in Western parlance, he "struck it rich."

'But his good fortune came too late for him to enjoy it. While preparing for a trip East for the purpose of making restitution to his creditors he was taken ill, and died after a week's illness. Among his last instructions to me was a request that I should come East and pay Lyman Hart the money due him, with full interest. More than this, he charged me to add to it any sum that might be needed to free Lyman Hart from debt. I was solemnly urged to do this to show my father's love and gratitude to one who, he said, was the friend of the friendless and the helper of the helpless. My friends, I am here to pay that debt.'

There was a wild outburst of applause, in the midst of whihc Lyman Hart stole forward and put his arms around Harvey Mercer and hid his bearded face on the young man's shoulder.

'When that time comes we will hope that some other man who owes him a debt of gratitude will come to his relief,' said Harvey Mercer; and the crowd cheered again, while the discomfited creditor stalked down the steps savagely with his cane.

In ten minutes Lyman Hart's neighbors; men and women, were at work putting down carpets and carrying in furniture: and old Ann Haskins said to Susan Marsh, as they made a bed together in one of the bedrooms that had been restored to order:

'I allus have thought, an' I allus will think, an' I allus have said, an' I allus will say, that the Lord don't allow any good deed to go unrewarded. He puts it down in the book of his remembrance, an' some time, an' in some way, he lets it be known that he ain't forgot it.'

'I reckon you're right, Ann,' said Susan.

'I know that you are,' said Lyman Hart, who chanced to overhear what Ann had said.—J. L. Harbour, in 'Youth's Companion.'

Whenever George Muller, of Bristol, felt that he was getting out of touch with God, that prayer was losing its spiritual tone, that life was losing its spiritual sensitiveness, he went aside and waited with open heart for God's Spirit to fill him. This is a plan which never fails to lift us up into the sweet light of the Divine countenance, which never fails to give our lives a touch of heavenliness, which never fails to keep us from bidding Jesus good-bye.

Jacinth's Lesson.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

'We have a very uninteresting teacher; she does not throw much light on the lesson, nor make it interesting. I believe I'll stay at home, to-day. I don't want to wear my new hat in the rain.'

'Your old hat is very suitable, Jacinth,' said her mother, glancing from the window. 'There isn't rain enough to furnish you with a good excuse. Miss Slade will be disappointed if she misses you. Think how busy she is through the week, and what a long walk she has; yet I question if she is ever absent when she is well.'

'Yes,' said Jacinth, uneasily, and with a longing glance at her library book, which she had not quite finished. 'I suppose Miss Slade is faithful, but Maggie Wilberforce and I both agree that she lacks the gift of imparting what she knows. We would prefer to be in Mrs. Ellison's class. Her girls cluster about her like bees round a flower. Our class is quite different—so stiff and poky. Still, mother, if you think I ought to go to Sunday-school, to-day, I will go, of course.'

'Where is the lesson, daughter?' inquired Doctor Knox, Jacinth's father, looking up from his paper. He was absorbed in an article on the beatitudes, but Doctor Knox could do two things at once, so, with one bit of his mind, he had heard the conversation while with another he followed his author's train of argument.

Jacinth flushed. 'I really don't know, father,' she answered.

'Have not you the habit of preparing the Sunday-school lesson?' asked Doctor Knox, looking at her with his keen eyes, which penetrated her mind as X-rays do the body.

She hesitated a moment, then replied, frankly: 'Why, no; I very seldom glance at it, until I sit down in the class.'

'In that case, daughter, I do not wonder that Miss Slade fails to interest you. The whole work falls on her, where she should have only the half. If her pupils do their share, they bring to that little hour minds eager and alert, they have questions to ask, as well as questions to answer, and they are responsive and receptive. Suppose you took your music master an unprepared lesson, or went with a blank mind to your professor of mathematics or history, would you consider that you were doing a wise or a fair thing? Apply the same rule to your Bible lesson, and see if there is not a change.'

It was a little late, and Jacinth hurried away.

That afternoon Miss Slade took her girls into her confidence. 'I have been praying,' she said, 'that I might be guided aright. Lately I have had the impression that perhaps I ought to resign this class and ask for another. But my heart has been moved, as I have prayed, to wait until you all are in the kingdom. Something seems to hold me back from helping you as I want to, and yet Christ bids me stay here. Will you not promise me, dear girls, to pray and study hereafter, to study and to pray, to devote, every day in the week, a little quiet time, morning and evening, to the Book, and to our lesson? And I will pray, too, that we may know what is best for us all.'

This episode took place a year ago. Last week Jacinth and her friend Maggie united with the church.—'Wellspring.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Great Friends.

Little Mabel has a comrade wherever she goes, a trusty and tried friend in her dog Champion, who escorts her about, keeps her out of danger, and is as useful and nearly as loving as a big brother. The latter might not like to be tied to a baby's apron-strings, and might often be tempted to play baseball and shinny and leave Mabel to her own devices. Not so with Champion, who is as faithful as the sun, and would scorn to forsake his charge until relieved from duty by some one in whom he could repose entire confidence—her mother or her Aunt Mary or her father himself. When Mabel, tired of play, falls asleep, with a dimpled arm around Champion's neck, and her dolly falls asleep, too, Champion takes care of them both, sleeps with one eye open, but does not move till the little princess wakes.

It is a good thing for a child to grow up in loving comradeship with domestic pets, with dear faithful dogs, with gentle cats, purring their pleasure at the touch of a wee hand, with any dumb creatures which require care and repay kindness with affection. If your dog must be kept shut up, provide him with some regular exercise, a ball to roll, or something which will allure him to movement. We are prone to forget that animals, like ourselves, are liable to suffer if shut up where nothing entertaining is going on. Even worse is their frequent suffering from thirst. Pussy will brighten up when she has a drink of good cool water. Our dog must have his thirst assuaged or he will suffer frightfully, just as we do when deprived of refreshing water.

A BASKET OF MISCHIEF.

Dora and the Flowers.

Nellie and Lelia are very fond of flowers, but baby Dora will be happy for hours, if mamma will only give her a few flowers to play with; and she does not spoil them or pull them to pieces, as many children do.

The first time mamma took Dora in a train she was a little afraid of the noise the engine made, and began to cry to be taken home. But a lady in the carriage had a lovely bunch of red and white and yellow roses, and bright little Nellie asked if she would mind showing them to her little sister.

'Oh, no! I will give her one if that will make her forget her fear,' said the lady, holding up one of the pretty red roses as she spoke.

'Pitty! pitty!' said little Dora, stretching out her hand for the flower, while the tear that was just going to fall stopped half way, and in a minute her whole face was bright with smiles.

Since then, whenever the children go for a long ride on tram-car or railway, Nellie and Lelia take their dolls, and baby Dora a bunch of flowers.

Earnest turned his back to the sun and his shadow walked before him.

'It's an awful black, ugly thing; makes me gloomy,' said Earnest.

'Then why don't you walk toward the sun and throw your shadow behind you?' asked Paul.

Why don't you children walk towards Jesus and look at him? That is the way to keep your little troubles behind you.—'Mayflower.'

The Child and the Sunset.

The sun had set behind those big trees, leaving a sky all clear and peaceful. There is no sound but the 'good night' of the thrushes. Tall field flowers lift their quiet heads, waiting for the evening dew.

God's sky, God's birds, God's flowers—why shouldn't Dora seek Him, when everything is fresh from His hand?

'He said we should find Him if we sought Him, and I want Him,' Dora said to herself. And then she prayed:—

'Dear God, I'm only a little girl out of all this world, but I want to find thee. Please, please, come into my heart now. Amen.' And did she find Him? She waited a little while, very quietly. The sweet evening air was like God's hand upon her; the still, soft twilight seemed full of Him, and into her heart came the glad promise, 'They that seek Me early shall find

me.' All her life Dora said she found God in His field, in His sunset hour. But as soon as she believed she had found Him she began to serve him sweetly and honestly. Have you found Him? Will you serve Him?—'Little Pilgrims.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Spread the Gospel.

Christians, tell the word of God
To all poor darkened souls,
To whom the love of Jesus Christ,
Has never yet been told.
Tell them of God's love to man,
In sending His dear Son
Into this dark and sinful world,
That through Him light might come.

Tell them of the good he did,
While here upon this earth;
Tell them of the life He lived,
Commencing at His birth.
Tell them of the happy home,
That He has got for all
Who will forsake their sins and come
To Him, both great and small.

IRENE BLACK.

Saying the Lesson.

'Be'—said mamma, by way of starting the lesson.

'Be,' said Lily very promptly.

'Thou,' said mamma, still willing to help along.

'Be thou,' said Lily.

'Well, what is the next word, dear? Seems to me you haven't been very'—

'Faithful!' said Lily, who knew very well what she wasn't. 'Give me back the book, mamma, and I'll truly try to learn it by heart.'

'That isn't all, either!' said mamma. 'After that comes the doing. Three words is such a little bit of a lesson! But it takes a whole lifetime to do them.'

'I don't like being faithful such a long while!' said Lily. 'I was as much as an hour, and then I got discouraged.'

'You are very much like other people there!' said mother, handing her the book to study.

'Well, then, I guess I'll do, if I'm as good as other folks!' said Lily.

'There you go making mistakes again!' said mamma. 'Just look at the Bible and see what that says.'—'Little Pilgrim.'

Gracie Conquered.

Gracie had not been a good child. She was a vain little girl, who foolishly thought herself very clever, and liked to show off before her companions. That day she gave more than one answer that was smart but rude, and as she was just then a visitor in a large family, no one wished to correct or make a remark upon her behavior. She was my own little niece, and I loved her dearly, so

was doubly grieved at the turn things had taken.

The door of her bedroom was open as I passed that evening, on the way to my own.

A pert little voice called out from the darkness—

'Auntie!'

I entered the room, and found her turning over the leaves of a book.

'I want a new evening text,'—still in the same flippant voice.

A moment's pause, and then I said—

'Not to-night, Gracie; you are in no mood to learn a text,' and I silently crept from her room.

Scarcely had I quitted it, however, when I heard a bursting sob from the wilful child I had just left. She was evidently unhappy.

Was she realizing that she had been acting wrongfully, and feeling sorry for grieving God, and giving pain to the auntie who loved her so well?

After a minute's hesitation I went back to her.

'What is the matter, Gracie?'

No words came immediately, but a pair of loving arms were thrown round my neck, and soon a little voice murmured—

'Oh, auntie, I am better now! I can have a text now—please give me one.'

Oh, what pleasure it gave me to hear those words!

'God seeth all hearts,' I whispered; and the child repeated it reverently after me.

'Yes, auntie,' she went on, 'and he saw how naughty I was. Oh, I am so sorry!'

Long did we continue to talk on in the darkness, of how Christ loved little children, and watched over them, day and night, and when I gave her a last kiss, I heard the words—

'I will try never to be naughty again, auntie, for his sake.'

When Gracie left her kind friends and returned to her own home, she brought brightness and happiness to all around her.

The selfish, wilful little girl was gone, and in her stead, a self-forgetting, good-natured little sister had come back, always trying to please and amuse her little brother, whom she had only too often teased and made fun of.—Mrs. Henry Crewe, in 'Child's Companion.'

Children's Hymn.

I.

God is my Father. He is great,
And I am very small,
Yet he will listen to my prayer,
And hear me when I call.

II.

God is my Father. I must try,
To serve him every day,
Ask him to be my Help and Guide
In all I do, or say.

III.

God is my Father. His great love
Is more than I can tell;
Oh, may his blessing rest on me
And those I love so well.

—M. K., in 'Sunday Friend.'

Once there was a little girl who did not like to help her mamma. She liked to play and have a good time. She could stand it to play all day long, but it made her very, very tired to wait upon her mamma or to run on erands for her. Do you think she was a strange sort of a little girl?

Did you ever see one like her?

What do you suppose Jesus would think of a little girl like that?

I am afraid he would say that this little girl's heart was not right—that she liked herself too well.—'Mayflower.'

LESSON II.—JULY 14.

Beginning of Sin and Redemption.

Genesis iii., 1-15. Memory verses, 14, 15. Read chapters iii. and iv.

Golden Text.

'Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.'—Romans v., 20.

Lesson Text.

(4) And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: (5) for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. (6) And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. (7) And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons. (8) And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. (9) And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? (10) And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself. (11) And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat? (12) And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. (13) And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me and I did eat. (14) And the Lord God said unto the serpent. Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life: (15) And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

Suggestions.

Adam and Eve lived happily in the beautiful Garden of Eden for some time. Then suddenly there came an awful breaking up of their joy, and the peace and beauty of their simple innocent life was destroyed by one fell blow from the enemy of all righteousness the devil.

But why was sin allowed to enter that first paradise? A question that has often been asked and must be satisfactorily answered. We must understand that God created man's spirit in the likeness of his own with every capacity for fellowship with God, but all these capacities were as it were in their infancy—in need of training and cultivation. God gave man a free will, and in order to exercise and strengthen that will he had to provide something for it to work against. The tree of life was not put in the garden to tempt man to disobedience, but rather to make him strong by resisting that very temptation.

Strong character is not developed by easy circumstances. As long as it is smooth seas and plain sailing any little boat can get along safely, but storms test the craft and only the strong, heavy, sturdy ships are safe in open sea. A child who is always carried can never learn to walk, so a soul that has never known temptation cannot be sure of resisting temptation. The will is exercised and strengthened by resisting temptation. God told Adam and Eve what they were to do and what not to, and if they had simply obeyed him, sin and sorrow would never have had any power over them.

All humanity is subject to temptation, but temptation itself is not sin. On the contrary the soul that strives with temptation and conquers it through the blood of Jesus, has in the struggle come nearer to God than if he had never been tempted. (But this is no reason for putting temptation in anyone's way—an act which always brings its own curse). There is plenty of evil in the natural heart to tempt us to sin without any outside allurements. Because Adam yielded to sin all humanity has suffered from that bondage. But because Christ conquered sin all humanity may by faith in him be freed from the curse. Let no man say he is punished for Adam's sin, for there is no man living who has not himself committed sins for which he must be judged. Nobody will be punished on Adam's account, but every one is accountable for the sins of his own heart.

Sin makes the strong man a coward. It was mean and unmanly of Adam to lay the blame of the sin on his wife. It was silly of Eve to try to put all the responsibility on the serpent for God had made her a responsible soul, and had given her a will with which she should have rejected and resisted the most subtle temptation. But so it is still, men blame others for tempting them to evil, or they blame their circumstances or their own weak wills for making them yield to sin. God is merciful and faithful, he cannot bear to have his children hurt by sin and with every temptation he provides a way of escape. (I. Cor. x., 13; Rom. viii,, 1-6; 31, 37-39). And if we do fall, God will quickly set us on our feet again if we plead forgiveness in the name of him who died for us, for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin. (I. John i., 7-10.) And if we ask him, God will put his own Spirit within us to make us love to obey him in all things.

The serpent allowed the devil to enter into it and speak through it to tempt Eve, and for this reason it was cursed above all living creatures and compelled to crawl in the dust and be at constant enmity with mankind. Also the devil is spoken of as a serpent. (Rev. xii., 9; xx., 2.) The first promise of redemption given to fallen humanity was the promise that the seed (or descendant) of the woman should bruise the serpent's head—meaning that the Messiah who should come as the Son of humanity and in his humanity a descendant of Adam and Eve, would break the power of satan in the world and redeem from sin all those who should put their trust in him. The promise of redemption was given even before the word of judgment and punishment was spoken. (Gen. iii., 15; Galatians iv., 4-7; Rom. xvi., 20; Heb. ii., 14-18; Rev. xii., 9-11). The way to reject temptation is not to look at it or parley with it as Eve did, but to keep one's eye fixed steadfastly on God. When we are earnestly looking to God our eyes will be turned away from temptation, when we are constantly talking to God and listening for his voice in our souls, he can keep us from listening to the voice of the tempter. (Heb. xii., 1-4.) The only way to steadfastly resist temptation is to keep looking unto Jesus the beginner and finisher of our faith. Trust in ourselves will not keep us from falling.

For their sin our first parents were driven out of Eden and kept out by Cherubims who with a flaming sword turning every way guarded the tree of life. It was necessary that the man and woman should be forced to work for their existence, as further ease and luxury would only have been conducive to further yielding to temptation. Work of some kind is necessary to the well-being of every human body, mind and soul. Idleness leads to sin, and sin in every case brings with it its own punishment. The first result of sin is separation from God. The very word sin comes from an old root-word whose primary meaning is separation. Sin separates the soul from God, and each sin makes the soul less able to resist the next temptation. As soon as Adam and Eve realized that they had disobeyed God, their first impulse was to hide themselves from God.. But even our most secret thoughts cannot be hidden from him. They could not hide themselves nor their sin. The fruit of their sin was the murder of one of their sons by the other, and from that time the world began to get worse and worse until God had to destroy the people with their wickedness from off the face of the earth.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 14.—Topic—Individual work for Christ.—Acts viii., 26-40.

Junior C. E. Topic.

BIBLE QUEENS.

Mon., July 8.—Esther the brave.—Esther vii., 3-6.

Tues., July 9.—Solomon's friend.—I. Kings x., 1, 2.

Wed., July 10.—Cruel Jezebel.—I. Kings xxi., 7-10.

Thu., July 11.—A Babylonian queen.—Dan. v., 10-12.

Fri., July 12.—Revengeful Herodius.—Mark vi., 22-24.

Sat., July 13.—The home queen.—Prov. xxxi., 27, 28.

Sun., July 14.—Topic—Lessons from Bible queens. (Jezebel, the Queen of Sheba, Esther.)

Mother's Boy Asleep.

A little form in snowy white,
One fat arm thrown above his head,
With laughing blue eyes tightly closed,
Lies on his dainty cradle-bed.

Angels watch by that little form
As mother from him softly creeps;
The room is hushed; no sound is heard,
Speak softly, Mother's boy's asleep.

The years roll on. Another room.
With cards and novels strewn around;
A handsome youth with merry heart,
Amidst companions gay is found;

He lifts a glass of sparkling wine,
Marks not that serpents round it creep,
Call loud and clear—he drains the glass—
Rouse him! for mother's boy's asleep.

The moonlight streams through prison bars,
And rests upon a pinched, sad face,
Where drink, and every sort of crime
With suff'ring, too, have left their trace.

The sleeper dreams of childhood days—
While wardens their stern vigil keep.
'Mother,' he whispers, and he smiles.
Speak lovingly, her boy's asleep.

A darkened room, a still, cold voice,
Whose days of grace have all gone by,
Who heard the dreaded summons, 'Come!'
And left us—unprepared to die.

Few follow to that lonely grave,
None stand beside its brink to weep,
Unmarked by even a little flower,
The spot where mother's boy's asleep.

Ah! ye who serve your Master, Christ,
Who love the souls He died to win,
Who have been spared the bitter cup
Of seeing loved ones die in sin,
Fight on, and never cease your toil
Till death's long shadows round you creep,
For close beside you, day by day,
Some mother's boy is fast asleep.

—Minnie Pike, in 'The Young Soldier.'

A Little Victim of Ignorance.

Dr. Roubinovitch, chief clinicist of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, narrates the following story in a pamphlet which he recently published:—'A workman's child was sent out to be reared by a nurse. From the age of twelve months wine was given her at each meal. After three years from the time of her birth she followed the same regimen as her parents, to whom she had returned. When nine years of age she began to suffer from a series of attacks of sickness. She was very little, hardly as tall as a child of five years; her stomach had grown enormously, and the doctor observed that, owing to the wine, the liver had become diseased. Her intelligence did not develop; the girl was almost an idiot, could not count to ten or find her way through the streets, and was often lost. She went to the hospital, and was there interrogated and examined. They understood that her illness was due to a bad regimen, and gave her nothing but milk and water. Gradually her intelligence began to develop and her body grow; the water with which her stomach was filled disappeared under the influence of the change of diet, and at length she became like another being, thanks, as I said, to milk and water. Parents should never give wine or beer to children, and of course not spirits.'

Correspondence

Vanessa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I take the 'Northern Messenger.' I go to school every day and we all like our teacher. I have one sister and she wrote to the 'Messenger,' too. I spent the 24th of May at the house of one of my friends; we had a good time. I havea cat named Orange and three little kittens.

CARRIE M. (Aged 8.)

Petrolea, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school and think it a nice paper. A little boy said in his letter that his birthday was on St. Patrick's Day, or March 17, Papa's is, too, and mine is on Jan. 17. I go to school every day and also to Sunday-school. A little girl named Georgie E. E. told a story about some swallows and asked some other little girl to tell one also. Well, two or three years ago, some swallows came and built their nests in our barn. One day I went to see the nestlings and they picked my finger.

I remain, your little reader,

PEARLIE C. (Aged 12.)

Oak River, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen a letter from Manitoba, so I thought I would write one. I live on a farm, and we have eleven horses and about twenty-two head of cattle. I have one sister and two brothers. We drive to school three miles away. I wonder if any little girl's or boy's birthday is in May. I like the 'Messenger' very much. Yours, etc.,

MILLIE McD. (Aged 11.)

Brooklyn, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger.' I always read the Little Folks' page first. I go to Sunday-school in summer but not in winter. I have two brothers. My father keeps the post-office. We have a dog and a cat. I am in the fifth reader. We have two horses, a mare and a filly. Their names are Bert,, Frank, Pony, and Doll. Yours truly,

S. A. C. (Aged 10.)

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much; it has such nice stories in it. I have two pet cats, a large and a small one. I have two sisters; they are smaller than myself. I will be fourteen years old on Aug. 16. I attend C. E.

DELLA L.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time; I like reading the stories in it. I have two brothers and two sisters. I had a little dog but it was killed, so I have only a cat left now. I will close with best wishes to the readers of this paper.

ALMA P.

Ingersoll, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school and I enjoy reading the stories. I live in the country. My father is a farmer. I had a pet calf, its name was 'Blossom.' My big brother took it to Calgary with 300 others. I hope the Sunday-school will continue to take the 'Messenger.'

EDITH P. (Aged 8.)

Venessa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm fourteen miles from the city of Brantford. I have one sister but no brothers. I go to school every day and have a nice teacher whose name is Mr. Paynes. I am in the fourth class, and three of my class are going to try the entrance this summer at Simcoe. I have a cat named Blossom and one pig named Laura. It is as smart as a little cricket. My mother was in the General Hospital at Toronto for six months, three years ago. She is home now and is quite well. Last Christmas my father bought me a present of a pair of skates. I took them to school with me and had a fine time skating. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school. My birthday is on April 20.

M. McN. (Aged 11.)

Tintern, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I promised to write to the Correspondence, I thought I would fulfil my promise. I am going to school till the end of June, and am in the fourth reader. I have about three-quarters of a mile to go to school. I have two sisters and one brother. I am thirteen years old. I like the 'Messenger' and I generally get it on Thursday or Friday. I read it as soon as I get it. I often wish it would come semi-weekly as I can hardly wait till it comes from one time to another. But I suppose you are too busy to print it twice a week.

We have four churches in less than two miles from here—they are Methodist, Evangelist, Disciple, and Menonite. Please tell me what premiums I can get for two subscribers for the 'Messenger' as I would like to know, and I have a chum that would like to get another, and I think I can get it very quickly. I think I will close, as I cannot think of anything much. Yours,

EFFIE E.

Dear Editor,—I have some hens. I go to school. We have three cows, and three horses. I like my Sunday-school teacher very much, and it is a mile to go to school. We have a dog.

ETTA. (Aged 10.)

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' PAID.

When I was a child, if someone had taught me the duty of systematic giving it would have been so easy for me to do so. I had a private income, the interest of a settled amount placed to my credit when it drew a large percent. I spent every copper on my own dear self, and more, too.

When I married, my husband unasked, said, 'The rent, fuel, water, house and table are provided for. Take $1.00 every day, do what you please with it and bank what you have to spare.' How easy it would have been for me to put the ten per cent of that aside. I never did so. I piled up all I could in the bank. It's one thing to spend your father's money and another to save your husband's.

One day my pocket was converted through cold type. My husband laughingly called me 'The Lord's Bookkeeper,' and gave me as much as several thousand dollars at a time of notes to collect and tithe. He was busy and he trusted me to see that those notes were either renewed or collected. Thus I got a share of business training. In the giving of the tenth I always considered his inclinations, although there were many people or places that I would have gladly remembered.

One day I wanted especially to help some phase of woman's work and I did wish that I could do so without consulting anyone.

The 'Northern Messenger' brought a message that solved the problem. On Sundays I generally read aloud to the rest. On one occasion the 'Northern Messenger' contained 'The Deacon's Tenth,' a bright story, and I read it aloud to my husband. He thought it capital, and highly approved of the Deacon's method of giving his wife one-half the tenth. Then and there (unasked) he decided to adopt the plan. So from that day to this I send my share of the tenth when I choose. Many a time I have blessed the 'Northern Messenger's' message by the Deacon and his tenth.

I have taught my children to give one cent out of every ten to Christian work. It is quite natural to them now. Although not much, it is their very own. As soon as they got a dress allowance they began to want to make their own garments, (that is, the girls), and they have learned to do so many useful things. Even the baby has her duties and her three little barrels: one to save up in, one for the tenth, and one for her capital. I have never worried about their conversion. Once you get children truly interested in Christian work their hearts almost naturally are given to Christ. I send on this message to young mothers. Begin now. Give the little ones a stated amount, even if it is only one or two cents a week. Teach them to save until they get ten cents and then put one sacred cent aside. It is best to let them earn all they get. If any little boy or girl reads this true account, perhaps they will try the same plan. In your little letter to the Correspondence corner you might let us know if you have.

AUNT KATHARINE.

HOUSEHOLD.

Is the Fault in the Sermon?

(By C. R. Bush, in the 'Sunday-school Times.')

'There is the first bell' We're late again! Maud, run up and turn the water into the bath-tub! Paul, come here, so I can button your shoes! Bridget, leave the table, if you want to go to church,—you can't clear it now!'

Thus giving orders, the Widow Dumont hastened from the dining-room and up to the disorderly chamber, where for an hour she sought to dress herself and children amongst a chaos of unmade beds and scattered clothing.

Just as the last bell ceased from ringing, Mrs. Dumont and her little flock ran down the steps and started for their long walk to the church. Breathlessly she hastened through the streets, and sharp and nervous was her voice, entreating and commanding her children to 'Come on, quick!' Arrived at the church, she paused to give an anxious searching glance over her small son and daughter, and then, holding a hand of each, she glided breathlessly into her seat just as the minister began the reading of the Bible lesson.

When the service was over, Mrs. Dumont walked home with her next-door neighbor, while the children of both wandered home together. Unusual good fortune had made Mrs. Dumont's next neighbor an old schoolmate, two years older than herself. As they walked homeward, discussing the sermon, Mrs. Dumont said:

'I wouldn't say it to anyone else, Mary, but I do think we have the most stupid sermons! I never can get my mind on them. I have tried my best. I like the minister when he calls, and at funerals and such times, even Sunday evenings, but Sunday mornings I can't make the least thing out of his sermon.'

So long a silence followed this remark, that Mrs. Dumont looked at her companion inquiringly.

'What is the trouble now? I like the new minister except when he is preaching.'

'Yes, Kate, I remember you found the same fault with the other minister. I hadn't lived near you so long then, and didn't understand it. But I do now. Will you mind if I tell you just what I think is the trouble? You know, we agreed long ago that we could not help knowing what went on in the next house.'

'Yes, I know, Mary. Say what you like. If you can tell me how to enjoy the sermons, I shall be glad. They are a perfect drag.'

'Well, then, Kate, here goes. I can't help knowing, living so near, that on Sundays your kitchen fire is made nearly two hours later than when the children have to go to school. Your bathroom blind opposite my window goes down just as the first bell is ringing, and I am in church with my little brood a long time before you come. I've been through it all. I used to be late to church, and think the sermon and all the rest of it stupid, till my old uncle taught me better. I had no mother to bring me up, and I used to leave everything till Sunday morning. Uncle Charles visited us, and taught me how to enjoy Sunday. He taught me to be ready for church, to give the children their bath, and to have their Sunday things laid out. So now I really do enjoy Sunday morning, the service, and walk to church. On Saturday, the children not only take a bath, but lay out their Sunday clothes. Every shoe button and glove-fastening is in place for them and me. We have breakfast at the usual hour, and the maid can finish the work and have time for her Sunday-school and church. The children and I are dressed when we come to breakfast, and so can spend the time before church in reading or talking or walking. We walk slowly to church, with minds free to enjoy the beauties of the walk, and in tune to the meaning of the service. Sunday is a day of rest all the way through because we have prepared for it, and have leisure to receive any thought that comes. I have tried both ways, Kate, and I know the only way to enjoy Sunday and the sermon is to prepare for it.'

'Well,' replied Mrs. Dumont, 'I will try it, for I certainly do not enjoy it now, though it seems as if late rising and late breakfast should be enjoyment.'

A few months later, Mrs. Dumont sent to her friend a little note between the pages of 'The Imitation of Christ.' The note said: 'Thank you a thousand times. The fault was in me, not in the sermon. I find that no sermon can make an impression on a mind blurred and half-covered (so to speak) with half a dozen reflections. It should have a clean, fresh plate.'

Cabbage Pudding.

'Norah, did you cook a cabbage for me as I asked you this morning?' said Marjorie, coming into the kitchen one afternoon about an hour before dinner.

'That I did, Miss Marjorie, and I laid it aside to cool and drain as you told me; here it is,' and Norah handed the little girl a collender.

'You mustn't ask me what I am going to make; it's a secret, Norah,' said Marjorie, as she began to chop the cabbage on the hash board.

'Well, I hope it will be to my taste when I get it,' said Norah, and then they both laughed.

When the cabbage was chopped fine enough to suit Marjorie, she took a round white dish, which she buttered well and turned the cabbage into it. Then beating the white and yellows of two eggs until they were as light as possible, she added them to the cabbage.

'Let me see what comes next,' said Marjorie, consulting her recipe book. 'One gill of sweet milk. Oh, dear, there's that tiresome gill again. Let me see if I can remember; it takes one cup to make two gills, so there must be half a cup in one gill,' and Marjorie gravely poured half a cupful of milk over the cabbage, adding pepper and salt to taste. Then for a few minutes she stirred them together until they were all well mixed, and then put the whole thing into the oven.

'Norah, as soon as it is brown will you please take it out and bring it to the table?' asked Marjorie.

'Sure and I will, Miss Marjorie, but am I to be serving it with the roast or as dessert?'

'I forgot; with the roast,' and Marjorie laughed as she ran out of the kitchen and took her seat at the dining table.

'Is this something new, Norah?' asked papa, as he helped himself to it when it was passed.

'You must ask Miss Marjorie, sir; she made it.'

'In that case it's sure to be good, so I'll take another spoonful to be sure to get all my portion.'

'It's delicious, Marjorie. What do you call it?' asked papa when he had tasted it.

'Cabbage pudding,' burst out Marjorie, excitedly.

'If it's pudding,' cried papa, 'I want some honey sauce to eat with it,' and then mamma and Marjorie and Tommy, and even Norah laughed, while papa pretended not to know why.—New York 'Observer.'

Emergency Notes.

In asphyxiation from gas, bathe face and chest with vinegar, and hold some also to the nose. Give strong coffee, and apply cold water to the head and warm water to the feet. In drowning, if the heart seems to have ceased beating, place patient on abdomen, one hand under forehead, raise the body to empty the stomach and air passages of water and mucus. Remove all clothing from chest; lay patient on his back, place a bundle of clothing (a man's body will do) under his back to raise the stomach and lower the head. Pull tongue forward and secure it by tying string over it and under jaw. Stand astride or kneel at patient's head; grasp his arms below the elbows and draw them outward, upward and backward till they meet over the head. Keep in this position two seconds, then carry them down to sides of chest again till elbows nearly meet over the stomach, and press firmly. Repeat these manoeuvres at the rate of sixteen per minute. Persevere in these efforts until breathing is restored, then promote the circulation by friction, artificial heat, etc. When the patient can swallow, give some hot milk, beef tea or coffee to drink.—'Presbyterian Review.'

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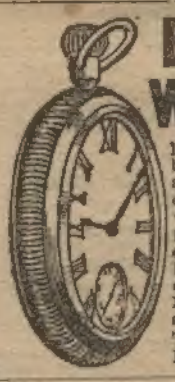

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Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'